THE YOUNG-MAN'S *Divine Meditations:* IN SOME *SACRED POEMS* Upon Select Subjects and Scriptures.

Non modo Divina Contemplantur, sed & Cantica, & Hymnos ad Deum Sacratioribus omnis generis Metrorum, & Carminum Rhythmis graviter construunt. Philo. de Religion. in Ægypt. apud Euseb.

A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

Mr. *Herbert's Temple.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Nath. Crouch.* 1678.

374989

THE GIFT.

If thou knoweſt the gift of God, &c. John 4. 10.

1.

THis is the Gift, thy Gift oh Lord!
The Token of thy deareſt love:
The Orient Jewel of thy Word;
Sent down my thankfulneſs to prove.

2.

Great is his Gift in all mens eyes,
Who gives himſelf, his Friend to ſave,
My Lord does more, for Foes he dies.
This Gift no parallel may have.

3.

Great is the Gift, the Giver great;
Both juſtly to a wonder riſe.
Thou giv'ſt thy Lamb to thine for meat;
And for their Sins a Sacrifice.

4.

But Lord! whil'ſt thou thus giv'ſt to thine,
Others aroſe to vie with thee.
The World and Satan did combine,
And they would needs a giving be.

5.

Satan, ſins pleaſures offered,
And almoſt forc'd them upon me.
But while they bloom'd, they withered.
And Lord! thy Gift my choice ſhall be.

6.

Then did the World its gayes preſent,
And ſtill alluring cry'd, ſee, ſee;
Heres that may rather give content.
But Lord! thy Gift my choice ſhall be.

7.

These cannot give, they'd steal away
From me my Heav'n, my heart from thee.
What e'r they offer, I'll say nay.
Still Lord! thy Gift my Choice shall be.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand for ever; Isa. 40. 6, 8.

1.

WElcome sweet words; as 'tis most meet,
We will you in our bosomes hide.
Sweet words for present; but most sweet,
Because for ever you abide.

2.

All flesh is as the fading grass,
The voice from Heav'n to Earth thus cri'd.
The whole Worlds glory away doth pass;
But Lord! thy Words they still abide.

3.

Man speaks, but all his words are wind;
They ebb and flow with time and tide;
Fit Emblems of his fickle mind.
But Lord! thy Words they still abide.

4.

Our selves sometimes stand promising
Great things, while we by thee are tri'd.
Our blossoms fall, no fruit they bring.
But Lord thy Words they still abide.

5.

Bless'd Words, Dear Lord! no Words like thine;
In darkness, light through them is spi'd.
Till death, and after death they shine;
Then Lord! even then thy words abide.

These

6.

These Words the Lamb's sweet writings be
Of love and dowry to his Bride,
Here may his Saints their portions see,
Portions which ever shall abide.

7.

Welcome sweet Words! sweet Words indeed;
Heavens Agent here, to Heav'n our Guide.
What e'r is needless, these we need.
Lord let these words with us abide.

Upon the Fifth of *November.*

The Archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him and hated him, but his Bow abode in strength, Gen. 49. 23, 24.

1.

THis day allows thy praises Lord!
Our grateful hearts to thee shall sing;
Our thankful lips they shall record
Thine ancient loves eternal King!

2.

Our Land shall boast, The Holy One
My great preserver is become:
My Friend, my Foes, hath overthrown,
And made the Pit, they digg'd their Tomb.

3.

With *Parthian* Bows the Archers came,
Romes Poisonous Oyl on th' Arrows shone;
Thy Turtle was the Archers aim,
Shoot, shoot, says Satan, all's our own.

4.

Fond foolish *Rome*, how dar'st oppose
Whom God in his safe bosome laies?
Thy malice may it self disclose;
But frustrate still shall turn to praise.

5. Thy

5.

Thy Crozier Staff, thy Triple Crown,
Thoſe enſigns of Deceit and Pride,
Thy Purple Robe, thy blaz'd Renown,
The Duſt ſhall ever, ever hide.

6.

Thy Merchants ſhall thy fall lament;
Thy Lovers all in Sackcloth mourn:
While Heaven and Earth in one conſent
Shall ſing Amen, let *Babylon* burn.

7.

Then Lord! thy Spouſe whoſe dropping Eyes,
Whoſe ſighs, whoſe ſufferings prove her thine,
Shall from her penſive ſorrows riſe,
And as the Lamb's fair Bride ſhall ſhine.

8.

Sweet day, ſweet day, when ſhall it be?
Why ſtays my Lord? Dear Saviour come,
Thy mourning Spouſe crys after thee,
Stay with me here or take me home.

He was wounded for our Tranſgreſſions, he was bruiſed for our Iniquities, the chaſtiſement of our peace was upon him, and with his ſtripes we are healed, Iſa. 53. 3.

THus died the Prince of Life, thus he
That could not die, even died for me:
My thoughful heart, Lord! ſhall ariſe,
And ponder theſe deep myſteries.

2.

What means his death, who knew no ſin?
Or what my Life, who live therein?
Mine was the debt, and death my due,
Though thou waſt pleas'd thy Son to ſue,

3. Thou

3.

Thou Lord! wast pleas'd on him to lay
The debt, and he the price to pay.
Thy Gospel Feasts, though sweet to me,
Are th' Emblems of his Agony.

4.

And oh! how great his Sufferings were;
Who th' wrath of God and man did bear.
The Father then forsakes the Son;
And Creatures 'gainst their Maker run,

5.

Judas betrayes, Disciples flee;
Whilst Jews and Romans Crucifie.
Hereat the Sun furls up his light,
And cloaths the Earth in sable Night.

6.

Thy joyless Stars even seem'd to say,
Israel had quench'd the Lamp of day.
The stubborn Mountains they lament,
The Rocks they are asunder rent.

7.

The Graves their sealed doors unclose,
The Dead awakened also rose,
Th' amazed Centurion mourning cryes,
Oh! 'tis the Son of God that dies.

8.

Thus these all labour to confess
Thy Diety, thy righteousness.
Enough dear Lord! these offer me
Supports for th' utmost faith in thee.

God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, Gal. 6. 14.

1.

MY Song is love unknown;
My Saviours love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be,

Oh who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail Flesh, and die.

2.

He came from his blest Throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The long'd-for Christ would know.
But Oh! my Friend,
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His Life did spend.

3.

Sometimes they strow his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannah's to their King.
Then Crucifie,
Is all their Breath,
And for his death
They thirst, and cry.

4.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the Lame to run,
He gave the Blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they are these
Themselves displease,
And gainst him rise.

5.

They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A Murtherer they save,
The Prince of Life they slay.

Yet cheerful he
To suffring goes,
That he his Foes
From thence might free.

6.

In Life no House, no Home,
My Lord on Earth might have;
In death no friendly Tomb,
But what a Stranger gave.
What may I say?
He'ven was his home;
But mine the Tomb
Wherein he lay.

7.

Here might I stay and sing,
No Story so Divine;
Never was Love dear King!
Never was Grief like thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

The Pilgrims Farewel to the World.

For we have here no continuing City, but we seek one to come, Heb. 13. 14.

1.

FArewel poor World! I must be gone:
Thou art no home, no rest for me;
I'll take my Staff and travel on,
Till I a better World may see.

2.

Why art thou loath my heart? Oh! why
Dost thus recoil within my Breast?

Grieve not, but say farewel, and flie
Unto the Ark, my Dove! there's rest.

3.

I come, my Lord! a Pilgrims pace,
Weary, and weak, I slowly move;
Longing, but can't yet reach the place,
The gladsome place of Rest above.

4.

I come, my Lord! the Floods here rise,
These troubled Seas foam nought but mire;
My Dove back to my Bosom flies:
Farewel, poor World! Heavns my desire.

5.

Stay, stay, said Earth, whither fond one?
Here's a fair World, what wouldst thou have,
Fair World? Oh! no, thy Beauties gone,
An Heav'nly *Canaan* Lord! I crave.

6.

Thus th' ancient Travellers thus they
Weary of Earth, sigh'd after thee.
They are gone before; I may not stay,
Till *I* both thee, and them may see.

7.

Put on my Soul! put on with speed;
Though th' way be long, the end is sweet.
Once more pour World! Farewel indeed;
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

Christs future coming to Judgment; the Christians present Meditation.

Behold he cometh with Clouds, and every Eye shall see him; Rev. 1. 7.

1.

BEhold! he comes, comes from on high;
Like Lightning through the flaming Skie.

The

The Saints desire, the Sinners fear,
Behold that solemn day draws near.

2.

He comes, who unto Judgment shall
All Flesh to his Tribunal call.
Methinks I see the burnish'd Throne
Whereon my Saviour sits alone.

3.

Methinks I see even Time expire,
The Heav'ns, and Earth on flaming Fire.
Think not, my Soul! thy self to hide;
Thou canst not 'scape, but shalt be try'd.

5.

Lo! here the Book whence Justice reads
Sentence on Sinners sinful deeds.
Lo! here the Mercy Psalm, wherein
My Judge speaks pardon to my sin.

6.

I tremble Lord! yet must I say,
This is my long'd-for Wedding-day.
My Bridegroom is my Soveraign Lord,
My Joynture drawn in his fair Word.

7.

My Mansion built by him on high,
Where I may rest eternally.
Then come, my Lord! dear Saviour come,
And when thou pleasest take me home.

Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus! come quickly.

The Resurrection.

Though after my Skin Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God; Job 19. 26.

1.

MY Life's a shade, my days
Apace to Death decline.

My Lord is Life, he'll raiſe
My Duſt again; even mine.
Sweet truth to me!
I ſhall ariſe,
And with theſe Eyes
My Saviour ſee.

2.

My peaceful Grave ſhall keep
My Bones till that ſweet day,
I wake from my long ſleep,
And leave my Bed of Clay.
Sweet truth to me!
I ſhall ariſe,
And with theſe Eyes
My Saviour ſee.

3.

My Lord his Angels ſhall
Their Golden Trumpets ſound;
At whoſe moſt welcome call
My Grave ſhall be unbound,
Sweet truth to me! &c.

4.

I ſaid ſometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loath to die:
Lord! ſilence thou thoſe fears;
My Life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

5.

What means my trembling heart
To be thus ſhie of death?
My life and I ſhan't part,
Though I reſign my breath.
Sweet truth to me! &c.

6.

Then welcome harmleſs grave;
By thee to Heaven I'll go:

My

My Lord his Death ſhall ſave
Me from the Flames below.
Sweet truth to me!
I ſhall arise,
And with theſe eyes
My Saviour ſee.

Heaven.

When ſhall I come and appear before God?
Pſalm. 42. 2.

First Part.

1.

Sweet place; ſweet place alone!
The Court of God moſt high,
The Heav'n of Heav'ns, the Throne
Of ſpotleſs Majeſty!
Oh happy place!
When ſhall I be
My God! with thee
To ſee thy Face?

2.

The ſtranger homeward bends
And ſigheth for his reſt:
Heav'n is my home, my Friends
Lodge there in *Abrahams* Breaſt.
Oh happy place!
When ſhall I be,
My God! with thee
To ſee thy face?

3.

Earth's but a ſorry Tent,
Pitch'd for a few frail daies;

A short-leas'd Tenement.
Heavn's still my Song, my praise.
Oh happy place! &c.

5.

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that Holy Quire;
But Death it self there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
Oh happy place! &c.

6.

There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace
In th' Arms of my best Friend.
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God! with thee
To see thy Face?

Second Part.

1.

Jerusalem on high
My Song and City is:
My home when e'r I die;
The Center of my bliss.
Oh happy place; &c.

2.

Thy Walls sweet City! thine
With Pearls are garnished!
Thy Gates with Praises shine;
Thy Streets with Gold are spred.
Oh happy place!

3.

No Sun by day shines there;
Nor Moon by silent night.
Oh! no, these needless are;
The Lamb's the Cities light,
Oh happy place! &c. There

4

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judg'd hear unfit to live;
There Angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give.
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God! with thee
To see thy face?

5.

The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease:
The Prophets there behold
Their long'd for Prince of Peace.
Oh happy place! &c.

6.

The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold:
The Harpers I might hear
Harping on Harps of Gold.
Oh happy place! &c.

7.

The bleeding Martyrs they
Within those Courts are found;
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd.
Oh happy place! &c.

8.

Ah me! ah me! that I
In *Kedars* Tents here stay!
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord! guide my way.
Oh happy place!
When shall I be
My God! with thee
To see thy face?

FINIS.

The Contents of the Young Mans Calling, or the whole Duty of Youth.

Chap. 1. THe *Introduction, or Previous Entrance into the ensuing Discourse,* page 1.

Chap. 2. *The Young Mans Case and Concernments, stated and offered to his Consideration,* p. 11.

Chap. 3. *Counsel and Advice propounded for the right Guidance and Improvement of the Young Mans present Condition; to his own and others solid Comfort,* p. 17.

Chap. 4. *More subordinate Advice in reference to the right ordering of our civil Conversations and Concerns in the World,* p. 43.

Chap. 5, *Instruction in respect of Relation and a right Deportment therein,* p. 62.

Chap. 6. *Characters of the truly Vertuous Young Man,* p. 68.

Chap. 7. *Affirmative Characters what the Young Man is and ought to be,* p. 91.

Chap. 8. *The necessity and great advantage of being truly Religious in any Condition whatsoever,* p. 127

Chap. 9. *Caveats against several more obvious Dangers, whereat so many Young Persons stumble and fall for ever,* p. 138.

Chap. 10. *The Objections that usually ensnare and detain Young People answered,* p. 155.

Chap. 11. *The Conclusion of the whole in a serious and compassionate Exhortation,* p. 170.

Remarks.

Upon the Life of Isaac *in his Youth,* p. 195.

Upon the Life of Joseph *in his Youth,* p. 207.

Upon the Martyrdom of the Seven Sons and their Mother, p. 233.

Upon

Contents.

Upon the Life of St. John *the Evangelist and a Young Man,* p. 251.
Upon the Martyrdom of Romanus *a Young Noble Man, and also of a Child of about Seven years Old,* p. 257.
Upon the Martyrdom of Eulalia *a Young Virgin,* p. 267.
Upon the Martyrdom of Agnes *a Young Virgin,* p. 272.
Upon the Martyrdom of Eugenia *a Young Virgin* p. 275.
Upon the Martyrdom of Theodora, Cecilia, Julietta, Barbara, Fausta, Juliana, Anastasia *and others, all Young Virgins,* p. 278, 280, 281.
Upon the Life of King Edward the *Sixth.* p. 287.
Upon the Life and Death of the Lady Jane Gray, p. 307.
Upon the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth *in her Youth,* p. 329
Upon the Life of Prince Henry, p. 385.
Upon the Life of the Lord Harrington, p. 401.

The Young Mans Divine Meditations, or Sacred Poems upon Select Subjects. p. 413.

THe Gift, *if thou knoweſt the gift of God,* John 4. 10. p. 413
All Fleſh is Graſs, Iſa. 40. 6, 8. p. 414
Upon the Fifth of November, p. 415
Upon the Paſſion p. 416
God forbid I ſhould glory but in the Croſs of Chriſt, p. 417
The Pilgrims farewel to the World. p. 419
Upon the day of Judgment, p. 420
Upon the Reſurrection, p. 421
Heaven, p. 423

FINIS.

Books Printed for Nath. Crouch *at the* George *at the lower end of* Corn-hill *over against the* Stocks-market.

THE Sound-hearted Christian, or a Discourse of sincerity, with several other Sermons, by *W. Greenhill* late Minister of *Stepney*: Price 2 *s.*

The Freeness of the Grace and Love of God to Believers, in several Sermons by *W. Bridg*, late Minister of *Yarmouth*; price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

The Evil Tongue tryed and found Guilty, or a Discourse against Backbiting and Defaming, by *S. Ford* Minister of the Gospel in *London*. p. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

Eternal Glorification begun in Regeneration, a Treatise of Regeneration; by *S. Ford*, p. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

A Body of Divinity, or the Substance of Christianity, both as to Faith and Practice; by *T. Collier* of the West of *England*, p. 4 *s.*

Jacobs Ladder, or the devout Souls Ascention to heaven in prayers, thanksgivings and praises, with Sculptures, by *John Hall* B. D. price 1 s.

A Guide to Eternal Glory, price 6 *d.*

The Compleat English Scholar in Spelling, Reading, and Writing, teaching Children or others to Spell and Read exactly with Pictures; p. 1 *s.*

A Journey to *Jerusalem* or the Travels of 14 English Men in the year 1669 to *Jerusalem*, price 1 *s.*

Divine Love, or the Willingness of Jesus Christ to save Sinners, discovered in three Divine Dialogues; by *V. P.* p. 1 *s.*

The Accomplisht Ladies Delight in Preserving Physick, Beautifying, and Cookery, price 2 *s.*

The Young Mans Calling, or the Whole Duty of Youth: With Remarks on the Lives of several Excellent Young Persons; who have been famous for Vertue and Piety in their Generations, with Sculptures adorning the several Histories, and also Divine Poems, price 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

FINIS.